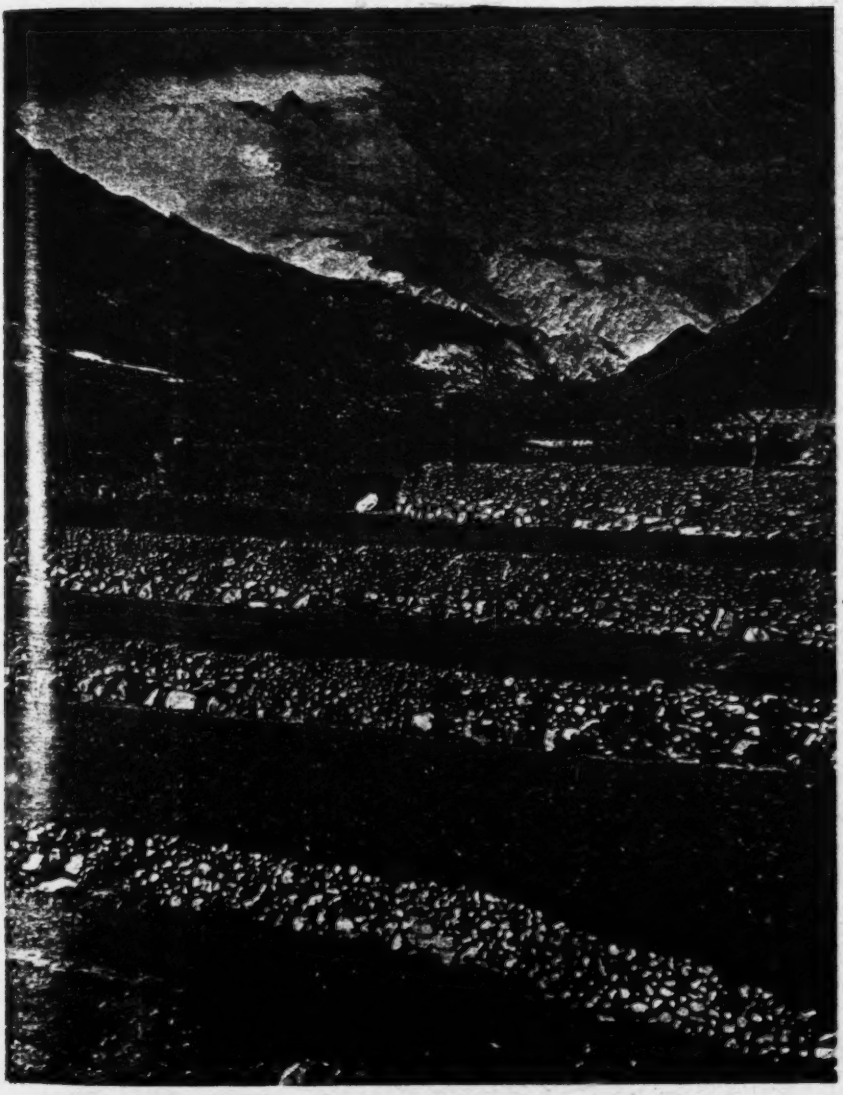
1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

PLATE J

241
351



TERRACED FIELDS, HUNZA
pls. I-IV, pl. E. O. Lorimer

facing p. 8

P. 8(A)

342 it, exactly over the main store-room below. There is no parapet, only a tiny raised rim to direct the rain into a small gutter-hole, on the rare occasions when there is rain; but it has a fringe of cut thorn bushes arranged round the edge to prevent an enterprising goat jumping across from the next-
• 351 door roof not many feet away. I didn't, however, go up on to
296 the roof, but on into a larger courtyard where there was a pool in the corner at which their washing is done. They would not dream of polluting the running water by washing themselves or their clothes in it as it flows by; they draw off what they want for these purposes into a separate pond of their own.
351 Then under a large shady tree there was a raised stone plat-
513 form which acts as a "sofa" by day and as a double or treble or quadruple bed by night—for, except in the depth of winter, nobody sleeps indoors. There was another raised platform, with a wall at the back and open in front and sides, roofed in for another sleeping place. It had a railing along under the roof, and over this were hung all sorts of padded quilts, homespun
[136] blankets, sheepskins, etc.—the family bedding. All the bedding is taken out and hung up every day, which helps to account for the complete lack of vermin—which I confess came to us as a happy surprise. In all our year in Hunza we saw only *one* flea, and that, as David said, was emphatically our own!

245 Round the corner from these sleeping places I got into a
312 walled-in shady garden full of fruit trees—apples, mulberries, peaches, apricots, and vines. It is incredible how luxurious mere *shade* is at such a temperature. It wasn't remotely like a garden in our sense. The earth was bare without one blade of grass or green, and was all cut up into little beds round each precious tree, with banks between them, so that the water could be directed to each tree as desired, when it was No. 1's
514 turn to have water at all. In the far corner of the garden was
343 a neat little circular "open-air pulpit." We had seen these pulpits dotted about, but—stupidly—did not at once guess what they were for. Coming straight from Kashmir, where the approach to each homestead is ankle deep in filth, or remembering Arab habits in Iráq, we never expected that we should find in Hunza a people as scrupulously decent as ourselves in

BARLEY SOWING AND "STARVATION SPRINGTIME"

644 on our left and passed the field in which to-morrow the Bopfau
796 ceremonies were to take place. As we drew near, the various princes and princelings came out courteously to welcome us, the less important ones, of course, coming farthest, then the grandsons in reverse age-order, and lastly Ghazan Khán himself, the heir and "Prince of Wales." Just outside the Fort there is a fine pond outlined with poplars, the main "road" (say 4 feet wide) on the left of it. The hall-doors of the houses open straight on to this track, their front-door steps being tree trunks with notches cut in them in which the foot is planted sideways as you mount.

644 Prince Ghazan Khan led us through a narrow alley between
• 351 the town houses to where the Mir himself was standing to
796 greet us. As always he made us feel more than welcome, and took us to a nicely carpeted balcony where chairs stood ready. The balcony was only a few feet above the courtyard, and we had a perfect view. You must try to imagine a "courtyard," with no straight walls or edges, shut in by irregular tiers of houses piled on top of each other, mounting the rock to the towering Fort above, their flat roofs and roofed balconies all projecting higgledy-piggledy as the haphazard contours of the rock dictate. Every roof and point of vantage was packed with people till, as usual, you felt sure the beams were bound to crash. Everybody was in their gayest and brightest dress, and every single face just radiant. There never was a people anywhere with such a gift for looking happy as the Hunzukuts.

796 In the courtyard the musicians squatted at the base of the
535 walls: three pipers, three men with pairs of kettledrums, and three big drummers, all of them clowning and play-acting vigorously as they played. Dancing of the more or less ordinary type was going on, varied by the singing of songs—all unfor-
[533] tunately in Shina, not Burushaski. The Hunza people say they have no songs of their own. DL conscientiously recorded the words of these songs later, but as in the case of the Tumu-shelling chant it is doubtful whether after centuries of being mangled they will yield any intelligent meaning.

Presently the GREAT DANCE came on. The most glorious

4: Durand G-S (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

ness of their uncomfortable houses leaves an indelible mark on the national character.

It must be remembered that a house in the Hindu-Kush has no glass windows, no comfortable fire-place and chimney corner. The better-class houses are built round a courtyard, but the rooms rarely have windows, all light comes from the open door or from a skylight. Immediately below the skylight is a square open hearth, on which smoulders a fire; round this run raised platforms, on which are the beds and household paraphernalia; the smoke, before escaping through the roof, fills the whole room, blackens walls and pillars, and chokes the unfortunate inhabitants. If it is very cold, or raining and snowing heavily, the skylight is shut, the room is in pitchy darkness but for a sputtering torch, and the atmosphere horrible. It is no wonder that an existence under these circumstances should be rather depressing, and in Nagar the people get the full benefit of it, for there are several villages which during December and January only get twenty minutes' sun a day; some, I believe, get none. The men having no agricultural work on hand, owing to the land being frost-bound, there is practically nothing for them to do during the winter months but to sit idly round their smouldering fires for about sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Nagar has practically no outlet except down the river to Gilgit. Shut in to the east by impassable mountains, and to the south by the great Rakapushi range, there is only the bare possibility of reaching Baltistan by the Hispar pass: there is a tradition that the road was once used, but it is very doubtful if